

# THE LADDER

december '63



**in this issue: EAST COAST  
HOMOPHILE ORGANIZATIONS**

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**purpose of the**

## *Daughters of BILITIS*

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING  
THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

- ① Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications—this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.
- ② Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.
- ③ Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.
- ④ Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

# the Ladder

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THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization.

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COVER BY KATHY ROGERS

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# A Friend for Christmas

a story by Blanche Small

Early that cold Saturday morning Marilyn stood between the brown curtain and the living-room window-pane of her grandmother's apartment in an old New York tenement, silently looking out. There was never anything to do at Gramma's.

Behind her, in the plain dark room, was the scarcely disturbed couch she had slept on, and would later help Gramma make up for the day. She had slept on this couch every single weekend and holiday as far back as she could remember, and she was nearly six.

Her busy, divorced mother would bring her downtown from the afternoon play-group, which she never really felt a part of anyhow, and drop her and her little bag of "stuff" at Gramma's, as if she were glad to be rid of both.

"Be a good girl" was always her goodbye. Marilyn would have liked a kiss but she never got one. From Gramma either.

There were these brown curtains that Gramma never opened. But Marilyn always had to see what was outside. So, very early in the morning, before Gramma came out of her room, Marilyn, in her neat faded pajamas, would slip in front of the curtains and lean her thin arms on the window-sill, so that her straight blonde hair fell forward over her narrow shoulders. And she would stare out at the tenement facing her until she heard Gramma getting out of bed in the other room.

Then they'd get dressed and have cornflakes and later Gramma, whose feet always hurt, would put on her long old grey coat, and they would walk slowly to the park. There Marilyn would watch lots of other children playing together, without ever being able to figure out how to join their games and their laughter. Gramma could not help either, for whenever she would urge Marilyn to go and play with them, the answer would be "I don't wanna."

Marilyn stared through the dreary window which was so dirty that it let in very little of the warmth of the December early morning sunshine.

Suddenly something moved in the apartment across the way. It was that lady who wore a painty smock - just like the one Mommy sometimes wore, when she was painting her funny pictures. And this lady was like Mommy another way, too. She never smiled, either.

"Now, who's THAT?" asked Marilyn in the whisper she used when she was alone. There was another lady - a new lady - at the window across the way, and - oh goodie - she was smiling.

A quick little pale smile came in answer. Then the lady waved wildly and the little girl waved back. The lady had black and gray hair and black eyes that shouted "Hi!"

Marilyn's blonde hair hung motionless - but her blue eyes took on a bright, inviting look. This was going to be a game. A warm feeling filled the little girl's heart.

There was just one more thing the lady could do to make Marilyn's happy feeling still happier. And that would be about as far as an across-the-court friendship could go in winter.

She could throw Marilyn a kiss - and she did. And then more smiling kisses. Marilyn happily threw them back - kiss for kiss.

It never once occurred to her that she might try to open the window. She knew well that this dirty window-pane marked her boundary. What would Gramma say if she dared to go beyond? Probably tell her mother she had been a bad girl. But she knew she was a good girl, and was going to keep on being one, especially with Christmas so close.

Then the kissing lady was gone, and stare though she might at the window across the court, Marilyn could see nothing but the side of a blue chair, part of a black lamp, and the tiniest edge of a bright Christmas tree. She wished that she could fly.

The trip to the Five and Ten that afternoon was fun. Gramma let Marilyn put a nickel in the Christmas Kettle, and Santa Claus laughed with a big "Ho Ho" that made her laugh too, in her own quiet little way. What would he bring her? She wondered, but hardly dared hope for the doll she longed for.

Later she and Gramma decorated a tiny tree with the ornaments they had brought home. They had tuna-fish salad, which she loved, for supper, and then Gramma let her make bright little chains from "pinwheel papers," as they had learned to do at the play-group. She wanted to string the popcorn for the little tree, too, but Gramma did it instead, saying "You're too young to fool with needles."

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The teacher at the play-group had told them about the chimes that ring out at midnight, and Marilyn wanted to hear them, but carols on the radio had to do instead, because "Little girls NEVER stay up till midnight."

Christmas morning Marilyn awoke before it was fullylight. She ran to the old fireplace and quickly pulled down her filled stocking. Santa had stuffed it with all kinds of darling things - candy bars, earmuffs, Life Savers, a red pen and pencil set, a box of tiny dishes - and, in the very toe, a doll's nursing bottle.

Marilyn held the bottle uncertainly for a moment - and then burst out in a loud, happy laugh. Under the tree - it was really there - she spied a beautiful doll in a lacy pink dress, with black curly hair and an open kissy mouth that the nipple on the bottle would just fit into. It's just like the real babies in carriages, she thought, getting their lunch out of bottles in the park.

Marilyn snatched up the doll and squeezed her hard.

"Oh - she said 'Mama/!!'" And a green and red card tied around her neck said something Marilyn could just about make out as "Mommy." She felt all the pleasure things can give.

Gramma was still asleep. To whom could she show the beautiful baby doll Santa had left her? Marilyn knew! She ran to the window, slid in front of the brown curtains, stood the doll's pretty pink-shod feet on the window-sill, and held her up against the pane, for the waving-lady to see.

But there was nobody in the window facing her. Nobody at all. Oh, where did that nice lady go? Only the other lady was walking through, passing the window as though it were not there - as though Marilyn were not standing there, longing to have her new doll seen and shared.

"Anyway," she whispered importantly, "my baby wants her breakfast, and I can't stand here all day waiting for that lady to come." But wait she did, for many minutes, though the lively lady did not come to the window to have fun with her across the courtyard space.

Marilyn's eyes had gotten back their bleak look. The excitement had gone. Again she was a lonely little girl with a cold little doll whose starched dress scratched her arm and made her squirm.

Oh, her arms were so tired, and the baby so hungry, and Gramma so close to getting up and finding her catching her "death of cold" up against the window.

And then, suddenly, both ladies appeared at the window, standing as close together as though they were just one person. And the painty-smock one, who never before had even looked, had a kind of mommy's half-way smile on her face. She was bobbing her head up and down and saying - Marilyn could hear it as plainly as if the windows were open - "Pretty!" And then, "Merry Christmas!"

Marilyn waved and laughingly kissed her baby, then ran to the kitchen faucet to fill the breakfast bottle with milk.

Blow wind, fall rain  
with bitterness  
for nights of waiting.

Stars, swing cold and far away  
Trees, stand harsh and unrelenting.

O wind, o rain  
Chill into frost the long desire  
For my love will not come  
She will not come.

Winter chanting snows is here  
and my love will not come  
She will not come.

- Joan James

#### BRIEF VICTORY

You are clear light of love. It matters not  
If filtered sometime through a darkling pane  
Burning with crimson or with Tyrian stain,  
In ancient shape of Pan or Eros wrought.

It matters, neither, that cold mind may tell  
The very cause of light; how thus and so  
Measureless forces make dull matter glow,  
Diffusing radiance to serve life well.

Nor shall it matter that wild beams erewhile  
Have laid land waste, smitten strong men with doom.  
Still of a morning in a quiet room  
A square of sunshine, warm as comrade's smile,  
Constant may wait a worker's half-raised eyes;  
So day-long in my heart your clear light lies.

- Abigail Sanford

# ECHO convention '63

THE 1963 CONVENTION OF EAST COAST HOMOPHILE ORGANIZATIONS, WHICH ALMOST DIDN'T HAVE A HOME, TURNED OUT TO BE SUCCESSFUL BEYOND THE GREATEST EXPECTATIONS. AFTER A CANCELLATION BY THE FIRST PHILADELPHIA HOTEL ENGAGED FOR THE EVENT, AND AN ATTEMPTED CANCELLATION BY THE SECOND HOTEL, THE CONVENTION GOT STARTED ON SCHEDULE.

ACTUALLY, THINGS BEGAN ON THE FRIDAY NIGHT PRECEDING THE OPENING OF THE CONVENTION. ECHO GAVE A PRESS PARTY FROM WHICH THE PHILADELPHIA NEWSPAPERS STAYED AWAY EN MASSE. THE ONLY PRESS COVERAGE WAS IN THE PERSON OF A FREE-LANCE GENTLEMAN WHO CAME TO SEE AND WAS COMPLETELY CONQUERED. HE LOVED US ALL AND STAYED WITH US FROM THE FIRST COCKTAIL ON FRIDAY EVENING UNTIL THE REGRETFUL FAREWELLS ON SUNDAY NIGHT. HE EVEN STAYED UP LATE AND HELPED TO FOLD THE CONVENTION PROGRAMS. IT WAS DURING THIS INTERLUDE THAT A DELEGATE FROM WASHINGTON MATTACHINE MADE HIS CLASSIC REMARK; "NOW YOU CAN SAY THAT YOU PARTICIPATED IN A HOMOSEXUAL BROCHURE FOLDING ORGY!"

THERE WAS SOME RADIO COVERAGE, HOWEVER. ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 30, THE ED HARVEY SHOW DEVOTED ITS ENTIRE TWO HOURS TO A PANEL DISCUSSION OF THE HOMOPHILE MOVEMENT. PRESENT ON THE PANEL WERE DR. MAINWRIGHT CHURCHILL, WHO WAS SPEAKER AT THE ECHO CONVENTION ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AND DR. ALBERT ELLIS, WHO SPOKE AT THE SATURDAY NIGHT BANQUET OF ECHO.

ALSO, ON THE FRIDAY NIGHT "TALK OF THE TOWN" SHOW, FRANK FORD, WHO WAS SITTING IN FOR RED BENSON, INTERVIEWED JAYE BELL, NATIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, AND MR. ROBERT KING OF THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON.

THE CONVENTION PROPER WAS LAUNCHED ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, AT 9 A.M. AFTER REGISTRATION OF GUESTS, AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME WAS GIVEN BY MISS JOAN FRASER, COORDINATOR OF THE ECHO CONVENTION, AND BY A DELEGATE FROM EACH OF THE SPONSORING ORGANIZATIONS. THESE GROUPS, COMPRISING THE EAST COAST HOMOPHILE ORGANIZATIONS, ARE: DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC. (THROUGH ITS NEW YORK AREA CHAPTER), THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY INC. OF NEW YORK, THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON, D.C., AND THE JANUS SOCIETY OF DELAWARE VALLEY.

THE MORNING SESSION OF LECTURES INCLUDED ADDRESSES BY THE EMINENT DONALD WEBSTER CORY, AUTHOR OF "THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA," AND R. E. L. MASTERS, AUTHOR OF "THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION." MR. CORY SPOKE ON "THE EMERGENCE OF THE AMERICAN HOMOPHILE MOVEMENT." IN HIS TALK HE TRACED THE ORIGINS OF ORGANIZED GROUPS TO HELP THE HOMOSEXUAL FROM THEIR BEGINNINGS TO THE PRESENT TIME. MR. MASTERS' ADDRESS WAS READ, DUE TO HIS INABILITY TO APPEAR PERSONALLY, BY A MEMBER OF THE WASHINGTON MATTACHINE GROUP. HIS THEME WAS "THE HOMOSEXUAL MOVEMENT AND THE EFFEMINATE HOMOSEXUAL."

GUEST SPEAKER AT THE LUNCHEON FOLLOWING THE MORNING SESSION WAS THE REVEREND EDWARD LEE, A MINISTER AT THE HOLY TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA. REV. LEE SPOKE ABOUT THE NEW APPROACH TO THE SUBJECT OF HOMOSEXUALITY BY CHURCHES AND THE CLERGY.

THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON SESSION WAS GIVEN OVER TO A PANEL OF PSYCHOLOGISTS, INCLUDING DR. WARDELL POMEROY, FORMER ASSISTANT TO THE LATE DR. KINSEY, DR. HAROLD GREENWALD OF NEW YORK, DR. ROBERT HARPER OF WASHINGTON, D. C., AND DR. IRVING JACKS OF PHILADELPHIA.

THAT THIS WAS AN INTERESTING AND STIMULATING SESSION WAS EVIDENT IN THE QUESTION AND ANSWER PERIOD WHICH FOLLOWED THE ADDRESSES BY THE MEMBERS OF THIS PANEL. ALTHOUGH DR. POMEROY HAD INITIALLY PREFERRED TO ACT MERELY AS MODERATOR FOR THIS SESSION, HIS POPULARITY AND FINE REPUTATION FORCED HIM TO RESPOND AGAIN AND AGAIN TO QUESTIONS FROM THE AUDIENCE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING BANQUET PROVED TO BE THE HIGH SPOT OF THE ECHO CONVENTION. DELEGATES AND GUESTS FROM THE AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION CONVENTION WHICH WAS BEING HELD IN PHILADELPHIA THIS SAME WEEKEND, FLOCKED TO THIS EVENT. EXTRA TABLES HAD TO BE SET UP, AND STILL MANY WERE TURNED AWAY FOR LACK OF SPACE.

GUEST SPEAKER AT THE BANQUET WAS DR. ALBERT ELLIS, PSYCHOLOGIST AND AUTHOR OF "SEX WITHOUT FEAR." DR. ELLIS, IN HIS CUSTOMARY UNCOMPROMISING FASHION, EXPRESSED HIS VIEWS ON THE HOMOSEXUAL PERSONALITY IN AN ADDRESS ENTITLED "THE RIGHT OF A MAN TO BE WRONG." IT IS A TRIBUTE TO THE ENTIRE AUDIENCE THAT THEY SAT IN WELL-MANNERED SILENCE THROUGH WHAT MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS AN HOUR OF CASTIGATION. TO DR. ELLIS' STATEMENT THAT HE HAD DECIDED THAT THE EXCLUSIVE HOMOSEXUAL IS A PSYCHOPATH, THE FOLLOWING RETORT WAS MADE BY ONE OF THE GUESTS; "ANY HOMOSEXUAL WHO WOULD COME TO YOU

FOR TREATMENT, DR. ELLIS, WOULD HAVE TO BE A PSYCHOPATH!" THE APPLAUSE WHICH SUPPORTED THIS REMARK MIGHT INDICATE THE FEELINGS OF THE MOST OF THE GROUP.

THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON SESSION BEGAN WITH AN ADDRESS BY ARTEMIS SMITH, AUTHOR OF SEVERAL NOVELS AND A VOLUME OF POETRY. MISS SMITH, WHOSE THEME WAS TO BE "THE HOMOSEXUAL IN HETEROSEXUAL LITERATURE," READ, INSTEAD, A CHAPTER FROM HER FORTHCOMING NOVEL.

THIS WAS FOLLOWED BY AN ADDRESS BY DR. FRANKLIN KAMENY OF WASHINGTON, D. C., ON "THE HOMOSEXUAL AND THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT." AT THE CONCLUSION OF HIS TALK, DR. KAMENY WAS ASKED TO GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF HIS RECENT EXPERIENCES BEFORE A HOUSE COMMITTEE, FOLLOWED BY A BRIEF QUESTION AND ANSWER PERIOD.

ATTORNEY CHARLES ROISMAN, MEMBER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BAR, NEXT DELIGHTED THOSE PRESENT WITH HIS DROLL PERSONALITY AND WIT. HIS THEME WAS "THE HOMOSEXUAL AND LAW ENFORCEMENT." MR. ROISMAN ALSO ANSWERED QUESTIONS AT THE CONCLUSION OF HIS TALK.

FINAL SPEAKER AT THE ECHO CONVENTION WAS DR. WAINWRIGHT CHURCHILL, PSYCHOANALYST. HE SPOKE ON "THE NEED FOR AN OBJECTIVE APPROACH TO HOMOSEXUALITY." DR. CHURCHILL'S ADDRESS ALSO STIMULATED A DISCUSSION PERIOD WHICH WAS HALTED ONLY BY LACK OF TIME.

CONCLUDING REMARKS WERE MADE BY THE COORDINATOR, THUS BRINGING TO AN END THE 1963 ECHO CONVENTION.

- JODY SHOTWELL

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## Season's Greetings To All Our Friends

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## Plea to the Silent Ones

What mask are you wearing? Are you a young person with a choice of career to make? A divorcee facing lonely frightening years after an unsuccessful attempt at marriage? Could you be a housewife--bored, dissatisfied, perhaps with a bottle hidden in the pots and pans so you can escape reality on occasion? Are you a widow with children gone, too much time on your hands, caught in the circle of too many cocktails, card parties, shopping trips? A devoted teacher, with the necessity of the mask a must? Or could you be a grandmother, with empty days and no one who really needs you?

Could you be one of The Silent Ones? If you are happy, satisfied in the security you have wrapped around your little world, then this appeal isn't for you. My call is to the woman who finds life a bore, dissatisfaction a daily companion, uselessness turning her into a vegetable. Are you a Lesbian? Are you wearing the mask but finding conformity, which you have worked at so diligently, failing to give the desired and expected happiness? Have you sacrificed self, true inclinations, until you are a shadow of what you might have been?

How often, by your silence, have you joined society in heaping contempt, ridicule, and charges of debasement upon one of your own kind who hasn't kept the mask on as successfully as you, or who perhaps has found the tension more than she could bear? Jesus has commanded us; "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

Daily I watch and guide my two daughters as they are growing into womanhood. Does fear also tear at your heart, like mine, that some innocent situation may imply that your child has homosexual tendencies? Or do you push the thought, the fear, away and refuse to tolerate such a possibility? What about our daughters, grand-daughters, nieces, acquaintances? If any of them should find themselves with our inclinations, have we left any guide posts? Have we left on the road a spark of hope, a ray of light to make the burden a little lighter or their adjustment less painful?

We, The Silent Ones, must rouse ourselves to our responsibilities to those who will follow, and to God Whose love and mercy have seen us through thus far. Truth, brought into the open, is the only hope for the homosexual.

It has been suggested by a member of Daughters of Bilitis that we work for a nationwide EACH-ONE-TELL-ONE campaign.

Horrid thought! Frightens one at the mere mention. But - some of us have made an attempt and with surprising success! For a moment, stop and think of the number that would be reached if each Lesbian would tell just one heterosexual person. You surely should choose that one with care and caution. But honestly, don't you know even one person, maybe a doctor, teacher, or friend, who just might be acceptant? Could not your life speak for itself?

Only a true picture of the Lesbian group, from the lowest and most beaten individual to the highest on the ladder with her mask successfully worn, can bring about a healthy airing of our great pressing problem. We MUST crumble the wall of silence, ignorance and hatred. In our ranks there must be some to take the initiative in changing public opinion.

The public, if YOUR mask should slip, would say you were emotionally ill, or unbalanced, or have an adolescent fixation. Personally I do not consider myself emotionally ill or unbalanced, and as for the idea of immaturity, I stand on my record of 17 years as wife and mother. How about you? Have you too perhaps raised a family? Have you too managed a home with all its responsibilities?

I have found a deep personal relationship with God, the only thing that has made possible my living so long with mask intact. How about you? Could it be that God has had reason to smile his approval thus far? Then how can we avoid our responsibility to our own?

The homosexual has long suffered from society's injustice. If this grave situation is ever to be rectified, then the silent, fortunate Lesbian is going to have to do some serious soul-searching. We must come to grips with issues we have avoided, ignored and pushed away for too long. Let's bring to a halt this un-Christlike attitude toward those of our group who so urgently need help. If we fail them, what justifies our own existence?

If at this point, you are still laboring under a burden of guilt, then it's time to face personal issues between yourself and God. Nothing is more destructive in our lives than living with guilt, real or imagined. Nothing will pay at such a high rate of interest as self-approval and self-acceptance, plus true loving your neighbor as yourself. As a Lesbian who "passes" in the straight world, I have had strong feelings both pro and con the two-faced kind of existence that I have felt it necessary to live to date. However, I have been for the last two years praying daily that God would show me something that I could do to help my group. It is amazing how opportunities open up when we honestly are looking for something we can do. You not only can perhaps help someone else, but will find daily life more meaningful, with boredom vanishing and peace of mind ensuing.

This is a call to arms. Not for the faint heart who is swayed by public opinion, but for those who are honest and courageous enough to search for answers, independently and with faith that with God all things are possible.

Let us pray, as Lesbians, for the wisdom and courage to defend our viewpoint and to appeal for support from those qualified to assist our group. Oh! for a few Lesbians with a real spirit of humanitarianism, who are on speaking terms with God! Let us make use of the potential that we hide. I feel that none of us will find rest or peace until we crawl from our caves of security and jails of fear, to walk tall and proud as women who have rights and who are also ready to take up our responsibilities.

- Rose Marie of Portland

Understanding  
does help

To blaze a trail  
through uncertainty

Forming a priceless jewel  
that can't be sold

Keeping forever  
free for the asking

Friendship.

- Patricia Ann Lower

#### MENU - A LA CARTE ONLY

Sanity is the process of rationalization  
that you are a human being.  
Better to have been a being than never to have been,  
~~for~~ with ten fingers on your hands,  
all things being equal,  
what more could one ask?  
Ingratitude for this gift of life  
is not considered proper.  
Gifts should be appreciated;  
life should be nurtured and fed  
fire, flood, earthquake and famine,  
disease, pestilence and war,  
seasoned with hate and murder--and  
love.

- terry

# Cross-Currents

READERS OF THE LADDER, ONE, AND MATTACHINE REVIEW WILL BE PLEASED TO LEARN THAT THESE THREE MAGAZINES ARE CONSIDERED TO BE VALID "LITTLE MAGAZINES." THE LIBRARY JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER 15, 1960, CONTAINS AN ARTICLE BY FELIX POLLACK, CURATOR OF RARE BOOKS, MEMORIAL LIBRARY, UNIV. OF WISCONSIN, ENTITLED "LIBRARY OF LITTLER MAGS." THIS ARTICLE DESCRIBES AN OUTSTANDING COLLECTION OF LITTLE MAGAZINES CALLED THE MARVIN SUKOV COLLECTION, OWNED BY THE ABOVE LIBRARY. MR. POLLACK WRITES: "WE ARE TODAY WITNESSING THE EMERGENCE OF PUBLICATIONS LIKE ONE, MATTACHINE REVIEW, AND THE LADDER, PRESENTING WITH CANDOR AND FORTITUDE THE POSITION OF MALE AND FEMALE HOMOSEXUALS IN OUR SOCIETY. BUT ALTHOUGH THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN UNTINKABLE 30 OR EVEN 20 YEARS AGO, THEY DON'T SIGNIFY AN ENTIRELY NEW DEVELOPMENT BUT RATHER A CHANGE OF EMPHASIS; FOR... THEY ARE MERELY A VARIANT MANIFESTATION OF THE TIME-HONORED LITTLE MAGAZINE CONCERN WITH THE OUTSIDERS OF SOCIETY, THE OUTCASTS, THE DEVIATORS FROM MAJORITY-SANCTIONED 'NORMS,' WITH MINORITY RIGHTS, PROBLEMS, AND ASPIRATIONS. (EVEN THOUGH THE MINORITIES IN THIS CASE HAVE TO BE THEIR OWN SPOKEMEN AND DEFENDERS.)"

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THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION HAS ASKED THE U. S. SUPREME COURT TO REVIEW THE CONVICTION OF A CONNECTICUT MAN FOR SENDING THROUGH THE MAILS A PRIVATE LETTER HELD TO BE OBSCENE. THE LETTER WAS BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY THE ADDRESSEE. IN ITS PETITION FILED WITH THE HIGH COURT IN AUGUST, THE ACLU ARGUED THAT THE CASE PRESENTS A NUMBER OF BASIC CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS, AMONG THEM, "IS THE STANDARD FOR DETERMINING THE OBSCENITY OF PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE THE SAME AS THAT FOR DETERMINING THE OBSCENITY OF BOOKS AND MAGAZINES?"

IN MARCH 1962 THE PETITIONER, JOHN DARNELL III, WAS CONVICTED IN A FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT AND SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS IMPRISONMENT. EXECUTION OF THE SENTENCE WAS SUSPENDED, BUT DARNELL WAS PLACED ON PROBATION FOR TWO YEARS. HE THEN APPEALED TO THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS FOR THE SECOND CIRCUIT, WHICH IN A 2-TO-1 DECISION UPHOLD HIS CONVICTION.

CIRCUIT JUDGE LEONARD P. MOORE CONCLUDED HIS EIGHT-PAGE DISSENTING OPINION WITH THESE WORDS: "IF REVELATIONS OF HOMOSEXUAL PRACTICES SET FORTH IN SEALED PRIVATE LETTERS ARE TO BE BROUGHT WITHIN THE PURVIEW OF THE STATUTE, THEN LET IT BE PUBLICLY KNOWN THAT THE PUBLIC WRITES AT ITS PERIL AND THAT ONLY THAT SHOULD BE WRITTEN WHICH WILL PASS THE ULTIMATE CENSORSHIP OF JUDGES AND JURIES. IF TRUE ENFORCEMENT IS TO BE OBTAINED, THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT WILL HAVE TO KEEP STEAM KETTLES BOILING ON A 24-HOUR SCHEDULE SO THAT OFFENDERS MAY BE APPREHENDED. IF THIS LETTER, SO PATENTLY NOT INTENDED TO PANDER TO THE 'PRURIENT,' AND NOT DOING SO WHEN READ IN ITS ENTIRETY, KEEPING IN MIND ITS PURPOSE (QUITE LARGELY INFORMATIONAL), IS TO BE HELD THE MEANS OF IMPOSING A CRIMINAL CONVICTION UPON THIS YOUNG MAN, THEN WE REALLY HAVE CAUSE FOR WORRY. '1984' AND 'BIG BROTHER' ARE ALREADY HERE."

IN ITS BRIEF, THE ACLU MADE CLEAR THAT IT BELIEVES THE CONVICTION SHOULD BE SUMMARILY REVERSED AS VIOLATIVE OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT.

## LIVING PROPAGANDA

It happened in the anonymity of a New York restaurant. My friend and I were dining early before a concert. In the nearly empty dining-room, a group of four well-dressed urbanites was seated across the aisle from us. Two married couples out for a night on the town together. Highlights of their conversation suddenly caught our ears:

"...and you know he's homosexual and a successful man."

"In my Village days I knew lots of homosexuals---they're all living a fantasy."

"Well, I know a psychoanalyst who's a homosexual and he..."

"I don't care what you say, it's not normal!"

Well! Each speaker was of course an expert on the topic. You could tell by the very vigor of their statements. And it was strange how they stayed with the subject. I looked at my friend, and she looked at me.

"Do you have a copy of THE LADDER with you?" I asked in a low voice.

"Yes, I always carry one in my purse."

"Well, I'll give it to them with a little spiel...no, you give it to them...ummm...no, I'll give it to them!" I had faced down my fears. I was to be, for a minute, LIVING PROPAGANDA!

LADDER in hand and ready to run, I approached their table while my friend hastily paid our check up front. Suddenly, as I leaned down to address the unsuspecting group, I felt the surge of self-confidence that only those with a righteous message may feel.

"Excuse me," I said with a propaganda smile, "but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation."

"Oh really," shot back the most opinionated, "and whom did you agree with?"

"Well, I really didn't hear enough to say. But you may be interested to know that there are organizations that help the homosexual. In fact, here's a piece of literature from one of them. If you really want to know more about homosexuality, you might consider subscribing to this magazine." I handed them THE LADDER, turned and walked resolutely toward the front door where my friend waited. She beamed her approval, the while glancing over my head to see the reaction that had set in.

"How did they look?" I asked breathlessly as we stepped through the doorway.

"My dear, they were absolutely wrecked!"

We jumped into a cab and headed uptown.

"Well," I said, exhilarated by the small victory over sham expertise, "I'll bet that's the last time they ever talk about a minority group in public again!"

- Ginny Farrell

## Lesbiana by Gene Damon

244. GOLDFISH AND OLIVES SHORT STORY BY E. VALENTINE WHITE IN NEW CAMPUS WRITING NO. 4, EDITED BY NOLAN MILLER AND JUDSON JEROME. GROVE PRESS (BLACK CAT BOOKS) 1962.

EXCELLENT SHORT STORY OF A BOY WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH A LESBIAN AND HIS GRADUAL REALIZATION OF THE NECESSARY LIMITATIONS OF THEIR RELATIONSHIP. HENRY IS HETEROSEXUAL, BUT MANY OF HIS FRIENDS ARE HOMOSEXUAL. ONE OF THEM INTRODUCES HIM TO MARIE, WHO IS IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER GIRL. CONTAINS SYMPATHETIC, WELL WRITTEN (IF SLIGHTLY YOUTHFUL) PRESENTATIONS OF BOTH MALE AND FEMALE HOMOSEXUALS.

245. ALL THESE CONDEMNED BY JOHN D. MACDONALD. FAWCETT, GOLD MEDAL, 1954, 1959, 1962.

A FEW WORDS ARE NEEDED TO THANK JOHN D. MACDONALD FOR HIS GENERALLY OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PAPERBACK GENRE. IN A GROUP OF BOOKS CHARACTERIZED BY SLOPPY WRITING AND POINTLESS PLOT STRUCTURE, HIS CAREFULLY DOCUMENTED, WELL THOUGHT OUT, SMOOTHLY AND TIGHTLY PLOTTED PSYCHOLOGICAL MYSTERIES STAND OUT SHARPLY. THIS ONE INCIDENTALLY CONTAINS A WELL-HANDLED VARIANT WOMAN IN SOME DETAIL. AUTHOR HAS FREQUENTLY ADDED MALE HOMOSEXUALS TO HIS NOVELS IN MINOR ROLES. SINCE HE IS HIGHLY PROLIFIC, HE IS AN AUTHOR TO BE WATCHED.

246. HARRIET BY TOM KARSELL. AVON (PBO), 1962.

EVERY LIFE SHE TOUCHED SHE MARKED. THE ONES STILL ALIVE AFTER HER PASSING, HERE RECOUNT HER LIFE AND THE WAY SHE MARKED THEM. HARRIET IS A LESBIAN, RATHER UNLIKE MOST OF US, BUT GOOD READING. IT IS HARD TO HEARTILY ENCOURAGE EVERYONE TO READ A HIGHLY UNSYMPATHETIC BOOK, BUT THIS ONE REALLY IS A MUST. IT IS VERY MAJOR LESBIAN, WRITTEN IN A STYLE UNFAILINGLY ATTRACTIVE: THE MULTIPLE VIEW OF THE MAIN CHARACTER. THE WRITER IS GOOD ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO APPEAR AS HALF A DOZEN MEN AND SEVERAL WOMEN AND HAVE A DIFFERENT AND BELIEVABLE VOICE FOR EACH. ONE OF THE VERY BEST BOOKS I'VE READ AS A PAPERBACK ORIGINAL.

"Do you have a copy of THE LADDER with you?" I asked in a low voice.

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"Well, I'll give it to them with a little spiel...no, you give it to them...ummm...no, I'll give it to them!" I had faced down my fears. I was to be, for a minute, LIVING PROPAGANDA!

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## ONLY THE BEGINNING

Two \$75 scholarships were awarded during 1963 by the Daughters of Bilitis from the Blanche M. Baker Memorial Scholarship Fund. One was awarded by the Chicago Chapter to a budding author, and the other by the San Francisco Chapter to an aspiring teacher.

The need for education was expounded by the late "Doc" Baker, for whom the DOB scholarship fund has been named. Education has always been a prime purpose of DOB as an organization, and it is with great pride that the Daughters of Bilitis made these first concrete steps this year to give financial aid to these college students.

This is the beginning, but only the beginning. The Blanche M. Baker Memorial Scholarship is envisioned as a continuing trust to make possible to adult women the secondary education which may have been denied them because of the lack of necessary funds. It is DOB's opportunity to perform a public service, to take a step beyond the Lesbian's own selfish needs and to establish a meeting ground between all women who seek a higher education, a higher understanding of the human estate.

The amount of the scholarships to be awarded each year is determined by the number of donations made to the trust fund during the previous year. The extent to which DOB may help students in 1964 will depend upon the amount in the fund at the close of 1963.

There is not much time left. Your contributions to the Blanche M. Baker Memorial Scholarship Fund received by December 31, 1963 will enable the Daughters of Bilitis to make a larger and more effective effort in 1964.

Won't you please help?

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## BLANCHE M. BAKER MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Send contributions c/o DOB, 1232 Market St, S.F. 2, Cal.

## THE BIG MISS

Ann-Marie Louise d'Orleans, Duchesse de Montpensier,  
1627 - 1693

Review of "Daughter of France" by Victoria Sackville-West  
(London, Michael Joseph, and N.Y., Doubleday, 1959)

The Duchesse de Montpensier lived 66 years and died Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Throughout her life she was called Mademoiselle and after her death La Grande Mademoiselle. Not grande for elegant or great, but grande for big, and historically she is referred to as "The Big Miss."

She was the grand-daughter of Henri IV, King of France, daughter of Gaston d'Orleans (the monstrous Duc d'Orleans) and the niece of Louis XIII, King of France. All this, and the wealthiest woman in France, perhaps in all of Europe--a most marriageable person. As an adult, a member of the court of Louis XIV (her first cousin) she entertained visions of herself as ruling France.

For a multitude of foolish reasons, she lost any opportunity to marry a king, but it is unlikely she would have been willing to do this even if she could have done so. Her biographer, Victoria Sackville-West, previously wrote the lovely variant novel THE DARK ISLAND, and we must assume that she is conversant with the signs of Lesbianism. At only a few points in the biography does she cite evidence which would lead one to believe that Mademoiselle was indeed Lesbian. Despite this, many reviews of the book (particularly the English reviews) refer to Mademoiselle as a Lesbian. (See NEW STATESMAN, April 18, 1959.)

On the other hand, Miss Sackville-West discusses the homosexuality of both Gaston d'Orleans (Mademoiselle's father) and King Louis XIII (her uncle) at great length. In the latter case she quotes a lovelorn letter written by Louis XIII to Cardinal Richelieu, bemoaning the fact that his 19-year-old lover, Grand Ecuyer de France (commonly called M. le Grand) does not love him. (This boy is the hero of the homosexual novel CINQ-MARS by Alfred de Vigny, 1827.)

Concerning Mademoiselle, however, she places great emphasis on her marital eligibility (undoubtedly the most pursued woman in all the world at that time, but not for romantic reasons). She also frankly discusses--after assuring the reader that he is not to dwell too heavily on the discussion--that Mademoiselle always had female friends but not male friends, and that these friendships were "deeper and more violent than is customary." She also describes her in this manner: "She strode where she should have tripped, swore where she should have coaxed, was haughty where she should have been affable...."

Five pages of the book are devoted to Mademoiselle's three meetings with Queen Christina of Sweden. The first meeting took place in July, 1656, just two years after Christina abdicated her throne. Mademoiselle described Christina in her memoirs and concluded with: "Taken all in all, she looked to me like a pretty little boy." These two were most taken with one another and met two other times. Apparently, however, Christina became bored with Mademoiselle. While in France, Christina went to visit Vinon de Lenelos at Lagny, where she threw herself on Ninon's bed "dans une pose des plus suggestives." She was rebuffed since the famous courtesan cared only for men. Miss Sackville-West suggests that, "One wonders whether Christina would have met with better luck, had she attempted to seduce the virginal Mademoiselle?" (Miss Sackville-West, in discussing Christina, also makes this statement, "all women were Christina's prey.")

Judging solely the evidence in this biography, this reviewer feels certain Christina would have been most successful. However, poor Mademoiselle went to her grave a virgin in all ways except perhaps in her own mind. We will never really know.

- Vern Niven

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At press time, DOB had sent out 243 questionnaires to women participating in the research study. Dr. Gundlach's research team had received only 105 completed forms. Get busy on those forms before the Christmas rush overtakes you!

# Top of the Tree

a story by Jay Howard

By the time Natalie had closed their apartment door and pulled her coat collar up against the cold wind, Kit was standing beside the car holding the door open.

"Hi, darling," Natalie said. Kit bounced a kiss on her cheek and helped her into the car.

"Warm enough?" Kit asked, backing out of the drive.

"Mmmnn-hmnn. Any trouble getting away on time tonight?"

"No. Last patient came in at 4:30. Doctor told me to hit the road as soon as she left."

Kit was wearing her nurse's uniform beneath her coat, but Natalie had changed to slacks after work. This was their first Christmas together and they were off to buy their tree.

Kit was being solicitous, tucking Nat's collar up when they stopped at red lights, inquiring about her comfort. Nat lapsed into a small silence, wondering if she should tell Kit now about the plans for Christmas Day. She didn't know whether to take advantage of the warm and happy mood, or to wait. She decided to tell her now.

"Oh, by the way," she said, "Mother called, and everything's fine for Christmas Day." She paused, watching Kit's profile. "They all insist that you be there..." She saw the chin tighten and the mouth begin to tremble.

Natalie had been worried about this situation for weeks. She had always spent Christmas Day with her family, even when she was hundreds of miles away at school. Not because they expected it, but because she wanted to. Now that she and Kit lived just a few blocks away from her family, she could see no reason to change the tradition.

Kit's family was spending the winter in Europe - no problem there. But even before they left, from the time Kit came to live with Natalie, Kit had made her solemn declaration--"Forsaking all others, I cleave only unto you."

Natalie had been a little upset even then. She feared that Kit, instead of gaining some independence, was merely

transferring her dependence from her family to Natalie. It wasn't that Kit was helpless-- just the opposite. She was quick to learn all the little domestic things necessary to maintain a household.

But it was another kind of dependence Kit possessed. The kind that compelled her to need another to supplement herself. It was a barrier between immaturity and maturity, and although Kit was younger, Natalie was eager for her to achieve this growth.

Kit herself had said, "We must grow up together." But even as she said it, she belied her words. At home, she shadowed Nat from room to room. Natalie said nothing at first. Kit was so good, so unusually thoughtful, so anxious to be helpful. But the dangers as well as discomforts of Kit's constant attendance began to disturb Natalie. Having been born into a large family, Nat had learned early the value of being alone at times. She believed that it is necessary for everyone to have periods of solitude, and she cherished hers. Even stronger was her belief that no one should grow too dependent on one particular person. Not physically or emotionally. She had to struggle to learn this herself, and she hadn't quite learned it yet. She wanted keenly for Kit to achieve this goal with her.

Now that the matter of Christmas had arisen, Nat knew she and Kit might be facing their first difficulty. Kit had spoken about how they would spend Christmas Eve sitting together with their first tree trimmed and lighted. And Natalie had smiled in happy agreement. But when Kit went on to plan Christmas Day, Natalie had interrupted.

"Darling," she said, "please understand. I just wouldn't feel right, not being with my family on Christmas Day. It isn't because they expect it. I want to be there."

Kit's face had fallen. "I wanted it to be just the two of us," she whispered. "Just us, alone together."

"Together," Nat said. "Of course! You're going with me. I didn't expect to leave you by yourself!"

That was a week ago, and now, driving into town to buy their tree, Natalie saw that Kit was still unreconciled to the idea of spending Christmas Day with the family.

"Kit," she said. But she stopped. Better wait until they got home; perhaps then she could find the right words.

The parking lot of the supermarket was a forest of Christmas trees. They had agreed to get a small tree, for the table in front of their bay window.

"But it must be fat...I mean, full," Kit had said, excitedly. They strolled through the lanes, looking at this tree

and that, until Kit suddenly grabbed at a tree leaning against the fence.

"Oh, this looks like it!" The tree was the right height and thick, sturdy branches waved out from the trunk.

"Stand it up straight," Natalie said, and Kit grasped the tree and pulled it away from the fence.

"Oh!" Both of them emitted a sigh of disappointment. The other side of the tree was nearly bare of branches.

"Help you, ladies?" a man asked. "You want this one?"

"I'm afraid not," Natalie replied, sadly. "It looked just right...but why is one side so bare?"

"Stupidity, that's why," the man replied. "They plant them too close together. Think they'll get more trees. Sure, they get more trees--trees that nobody wants!"

Natalie looked at him. "How does it happen?"

"You plant them too close together," the man said, "and when the branches start to grow, they pull each other all out of shape. Some branches don't even get a chance to develop at all. You gotta give them plenty of room..."

"Well, thank you," Nat said. "We'll just go on looking until we find a better one."

Back at the apartment, they sat on the sofa, drinking coffee. The good little tree they found at last was in the basement in a pail of water. Nat was contemplative.

"Bet I know what you're thinking about," Kit said.

"What?"

"You're thinking about trees. Because so am I..."

"And what are you thinking?" Natalie asked, eagerly.

"People shouldn't be too close together, either..."

"That's right," Natalie said. "They should be close enough to protect each other from the wind, storms..."

"But," Kit broke in, "separated enough to grow up straight...and full. Then--then they can meet at the top!"

Natalie leaned over and kissed Kit's cheek. "I think I won't buy you that doll for Christmas after all, darling. You're a big girl now."

# READERS RESPOND

"THE LADDER FOR YEARS HAS BEEN A MONTHLY TREASURE TO ME, AND IT HAS REJOICED MY HEART THAT THE FLAG KEEPS FLYING. BUT I AM WRITING THIS PARTICULARLY IN CONNECTION WITH DOROTHY LYLE'S ARTICLE "WHY ARE THEY SECOND BEST?" IN THE AUGUST 1963 ISSUE.

"IN ONE PARAGRAPH SHE REMARKS ON SOME LESBIAN MARRIAGES OR MATINGS HAVING ENDURED "FOR AS LONG AS 20 OR 25 YEARS." THIS IS ONE OF THE THINGS THAT SO IMPRESSED ME AS THE YEARS HAVE FLOWN BY. FOR MY PART I AM IN MY 84TH YEAR, AND I HAVE KNOWN HAPPY LESBIAN UNIONS LAST EVEN LONGER - TWO COUPLES FOR 37 OR 38 YEARS, EACH COUPLE JOINTLY OWNING THE SAME HOME, AND ALWAYS INSEPARABLY TRAVELING TOGETHER, BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD. OTHERS (ALSO TWO COUPLES) FOR 17 OR 18 YEARS, OTHERS FOR 10 TO 14 YEARS, AND SO ON. HETEROSEXUAL LOVE IS SWEET, GRANTED; BUT CAN HETEROSEXUAL LOVE SHOW A FINER RECORD? THE ONLY THING THAT GRIEVES ME IS THAT SEVERAL OF THESE COUPLES ARE "UNDECLARED" LESBIANS - THEY DO NOT PROCLAIM THEMSELVES AS SUCH TO THE PUBLIC OR TO THEIR FRIENDS, BUT JUST QUIETLY PURSUE THE NOISELESS TENOR OF THEIR WAY, AND I ONCE LIKE A CLODHOPIING FOOL RUSHED IN TO CONVERT THEM (TO D.O.B. MEMBERSHIP) WHERE, HAD I BEEN MORE ANGELIC, I MIGHT HAVE FEARED TO TREAD.

"DOROTHY LYLE FEELINGLY SPEAKS OF "EACH OF US WHO IS WILLING TO SHOULDER HER RESPONSIBILITY TO THE LESBIANS WHO WILL COME AFTER US..." AND TO ME THIS IS A MORAL ISSUE THAT MIGHT, INSOFAR AS IS POSSIBLE, BE ACCENTUATED."

F. W. B., CALIFORNIA

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"NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO, THE PRESENTATION OF HOMOSEXUALITY ON THE SCREEN WAS ALMOST TOTALLY TABOO. NOW WE HAVE A CURIOUS TWIST WHICH HAS RESULTED IN THE DELIBERATE ADDITION OF HOMOSEXUALITY TO STORIES WHERE THE ORIGINAL SOURCE CONTAINED NO SUCH REFERENCE.

"LAST YEAR NELSON ALGREN'S NOVEL A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE WAS MADE INTO A MOVIE BY THE SAME NAME. IN THE NOVEL THERE IS NO LESBIANISM AT ALL, BUT IN THE PICTURE THERE IS A MAJOR LESBIAN CHARACTER. NOW WE HAVE THE CURRENT MOVIE THE L SHAPED ROOM BASED ON THE NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME BY LYNNE REID BANKS. IN THE NOVEL THERE IS A MINOR MALE HOMOSEXUAL CHARACTER AND NO REFERENCE TO LESBIANISM AT ALL. YET IN THE MOVIE THEY HAVE CHANGED THE LIFE OF ONE OF THE CHARACTERS SO THAT SHE IS NOW AN ELDERLY LADY LIVING IN A DREAM WORLD OF THE PAST WHERE SHE HAS HAD A LESBIAN LOVER.

"THIS IS REALLY FUNNY WHEN ONE RECALLS SUCH INSTANCES OF CENSORSHIP AS THE 1936 MOVIE THESE THREE WHICH WAS BASED ON LILLIAN HELLMAN'S THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. IN THESE THREE THEY JUST SUBSTITUTED A HETEROSEXUAL TRIANGLE FOR THE HOMOSEXUAL ONE."

- GENE DAMON

\* \* \* \* \*

"THE LADDER IS THE BEST FRIEND WE ISOLATED FOLKS IN REMOTE PARTS OF THE COUNTRY HAVE! LIFE WOULD BE UNTHINKABLE WITHOUT IT--IN FACT, IT WOULD BE UNBEARABLE! A GREAT BIG THANK YOU FROM THE HEART TO THE MEMBERS OF THE STAFF WHO KEEP IT COMING!"

- C. P., WYOMING

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"THE REVIEW OF ANN ALDRICH'S NEW BOOK WE TWO WON'T LAST, BY GENE DAMON, WHICH APPEARED IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF THE LADDER, OMITTED AN IMPORTANT POINT ABOUT THE LADDER.

"MISS ALDRICH CRITICIZES THE MAGAZINE FOR INCLUDING JOKES ALONG WITH SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES, POOR FICTION AND FAIR POETRY. THIS IS A WHOLLY UNREALISTIC AND VERY UNFAIR CRITICISM, SINCE IT NEGLECTS TO TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE REASON WHY THE LADDER MUST INCORPORATE A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING INTO ITS ALL-TOO-FEW PAGES.

"THERE IS, AFTER ALL, ONLY ONE MAGAZINE FOR LESBIANS. IT MUST TAKE THE PLACE OF THE COUNTLESS GENERAL INTEREST AND SPECIAL INTEREST MAGAZINES WHICH APPEAR IN THIS COUNTRY. IT MUST APPEAL TO LESBIANS IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE, ON ALL INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL AND

FINANCIAL LEVELS, UNTIL THE DAY COMES WHEN THERE IS A MORE COMPREHENSIVE HOMOSEXUAL PRESS.

"WHEN YOU CONSIDER THAT THIS VERY SMALL MAGAZINE MUST BE A JOURNAL OF SOCIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY, A BOOK REVIEW MAGAZINE, A CINEMA GUIDE, A SOURCE OF FICTION AND POETRY AND HUMOR, IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT THE LADDER UNDERTAKES AN ENORMOUS TASK AND, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, DOES A VERY GOOD JOB OF IT."

- B. L. H. AND G. B., ARKANSAS

\* \* \* \* \*

"THE SEPTEMBER COVER WAS SUPERB--PROFESSIONAL AND REFINED. WITH A FEW SURE, CLEAN STROKES OF THE BRUSH, THE ARTIST HAS EVOKED A PRECISE MOOD, FAMILIAR AND TRADITIONAL TO US ALL."

- M. G., CALIFORNIA

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"THE JEANNACE FREEMAN ARTICLE (AUGUST ISSUE) IS OVERWHELMINGLY MOVING, AND I HAVE WRITTEN TO GOVERNOR HATFIELD IN HER BEHALF. HOWEVER, I ASSURE YOU SHE WILL DIE AT THE HANDS OF THE BUTCHERS FOR BEING GAY, NOT FOR MURDER, AND NOTHING YOU OR I OR ANYONE ELSE SAYS WILL SAVE HER.

"DESPITE ALL THE PALAVER, SOCIETY AS A COMPOSITE IS A LOOSELY CONTROLLED RAGING BEAST. THERE NEVER WILL BE OR CAN BE AN EDUCATED LIBERAL MAJORITY SINCE THERE JUST AREN'T ENOUGH TO GO AROUND. THERE ARE JUST SO MANY BRIGHT PEOPLE AND NO MORE, AND THERE ALWAYS HAVE BEEN AND ALWAYS WILL BE MORE OF THE OTHERS. JUST AS LONG AS WE HAVE TO TEMPER JUSTICE WITH REVENGE, WE WILL HAVE THIS CASE AND OTHERS LIKE IT. EVEN THE PEDESTRIAN TV SERIES THE DEFENDERS TRIES VAINLY TO FIGHT AGAINST THIS BLIND AND IDIOT TENDENCY TO APPLY THE LAW WITHOUT REGARD TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND TO FIGHT FOR REFORM.

"THE VICTIM CANNOT BE RESURRECTED BY CRUCIFYING THE CRIMINAL. AND ALSO, WHOM SHALL WE "VICTIMIZE" ON BEHALF OF THE CRIMINAL - A SO APPARENT NEED IN THE JEANNACE FREEMAN CASE?"

- U. N., NEW MEXICO



**NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS and San Francisco Chapter: 1232 Market St., Suite 108, San Francisco 2, California**

New York Chapter: P.O. Box 3629, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.  
Los Angeles Chapter:  
Chicago Chapter: 5065 North Damen Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**MEMBERSHIP** in the Daughters of Bilitis is limited to women 21 years of age or older. If in San Francisco, New York or Los Angeles area, direct inquiry to chapter concerned; otherwise write to National Office in San Francisco.

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**CONTRIBUTIONS** are gratefully accepted from anyone who wishes to assist us in our work. We are a non-profit corporation working entirely on donated labor. Our fees are not of such amounts as to allow for much expansion of the publication. While men may not become members of the DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC., many have expressed interest in our efforts and our publication and have made contributions to further our work. Of course, anyone over 21 years of age may subscribe to THE LADDER.

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**DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC.**

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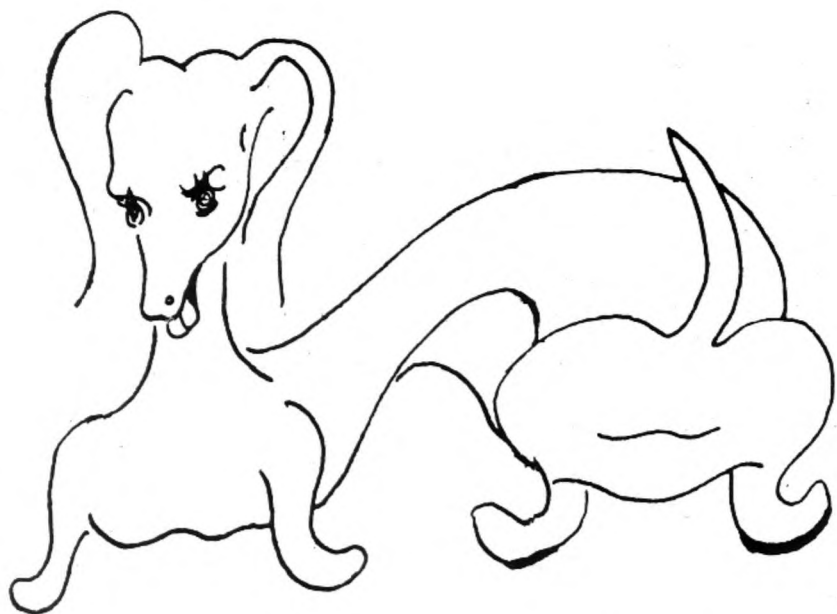
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